

JULY 1957

Maryknoll



FIESTA IN



HAPPY HOLIDAY — Kenji is quite proud of his ceremonial dress as he shows it off to some friends in Kyoto. The children are celebrating an ancient Japanese festival honoring the god of crops.

THE MURDERER

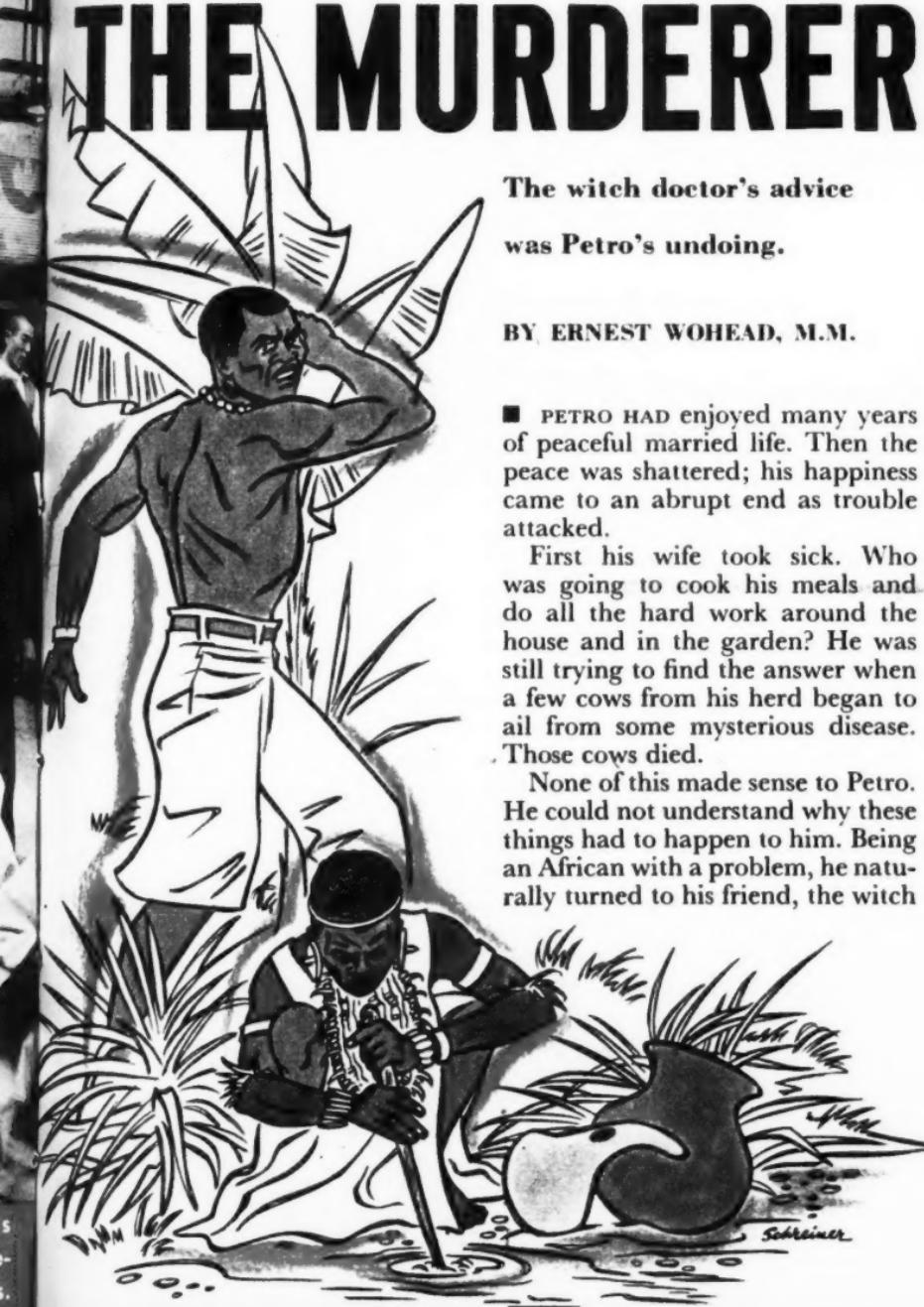
The witch doctor's advice
was Petro's undoing.

BY ERNEST WOHEAD, M.M.

■ PETRO HAD enjoyed many years of peaceful married life. Then the peace was shattered; his happiness came to an abrupt end as trouble attacked.

First his wife took sick. Who was going to cook his meals and do all the hard work around the house and in the garden? He was still trying to find the answer when a few cows from his herd began to ail from some mysterious disease. Those cows died.

None of this made sense to Petro. He could not understand why these things had to happen to him. Being an African with a problem, he naturally turned to his friend, the witch



doctor. He would give Petro a way out.

Petro didn't want to call on the witch doctor empty-handed. So he caught a healthy young hen and hurried to the witch doctor's hut. The witch doctor carefully examined the hen. Petro watched every move; he was paying so much attention that he jumped when the witch doctor suddenly looked up and spoke: "All your difficulties have their origin in your mother-in-law. The only way to bring your peace back is to get rid of her."

The witch doctor is never wrong in these things; and after all, the happiness of his wife and family comes first. With these thoughts in mind, he waited for his opportunity. It came one day when his mother-in-law went to fetch water for her household needs. Petro quietly followed her. As she was digging in the sandy river for water, he came up from behind and lopped off her head with a *panga*—a big knife used to cut firewood.

With the deed done, there should be no more dead cows or sickness in his house. Then the authorities found out what had happened; Petro was promptly arrested and sentenced to death.

During his stay in prison, he came in contact with the Padri, who was visiting the jail. Petro

began studying Catholic doctrine. He loved it more and more, as the days went by. He was especially attracted to the doctrine of the Blessed Virgin as our Mother. He

prayed the rosary to Mary, asking her to help him in his trials. He had only done what he thought was right. The day of his ex-

cution arrived; the guards came to take him out of his cell. After unlocking the door the guards told him he was free to go home. At first he thought the guards were just having a bit of fun at his expense, so he moved cautiously away from them—just in case.

Slowly he realized that the guards weren't fooling. The truth dawned on him that he was a free man—on the outside—and could go home. He ran the four miles by a short cut to the mission, and there knelt on his knees in the chapel to thank our Blessed Mother for working a miracle in his favor.

What had happened was this: the authorities judged that Petro really was not responsible for what he had done; that he had acted in good faith in carrying out the decision of the witch doctor.

Petro has since helped to build a *kigongo* at one of the mission outposts. Near his home is this *kigongo*, a place where catechism is studied and Mass is heard. ■■

OUR ADDRESS?

It's Easy!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL, N. Y.



Bamboo Wireless



Father ANTHONY COTTA, whose friendly laugh and omnipresent camera made him loved by thousands of visitors to Maryknoll, died following a heart attack on April 28. He was 85 years old. Father COTTA was born in Egypt, studied in Beirut, Cairo and Paris. His first mission assignment was to Madagascar in 1898. From 1906 to 1919 he worked in China, part of the time with the famous Father VINCENT LEBBE. In 1922 he came to Maryknoll and added much to the spirit of the Society. Pray for his soul.

* * *

Lay Mission Opportunity! Young men who are willing to serve a hitch as lay missioners but who haven't known where to turn can now join a new group founded under the patronage of Bishop McNULTY of Paterson, N.J. The group is called AID (Actio in Domino - Service in the Lord) and has a house directly opposite the cathedral.

* * *

Father ROBERT E LEE (Brooklyn) has been appointed counselor to the Society Superior in Mexico. He replaces Father VINCENT MALLON (another Brooklynite) who is returning to Maryknoll to teach . . . Departing by plane was Father RAYMOND BONNER (Philadelphia) to take up his role as Superior in Bolivia. Father recently finished a hitch in the Army Chaplain Corps . . . Bishop ADOLPH PASCHANG (St. Louis), who had a rough time at hands of Reds, suffered a cerebral thrombosis in Hong Kong.

* * *

Watch for these new Maryknoll books: Her Name is Mercy by Sister MARIA DEL REY and Adventures of Men of Maryknoll by Father ALBERT J. NEVINS . . . The lucky folk who ordered pre-publication copies of the handsome new Maryknoll Missal are now getting the first copies off the presses.

* * *

The Diocese of Santa Cruz, Bolivia, ordained one priest in the last thirty years, reports Father WILLIAM J. COY. The Maryknoll parish in Saavedra has sent six boys to the seminary so perhaps the thirty year drought will soon end . . . Incidentally, the people of Saavedra parish contribute 50,000 Bolivianos in the Sunday collection each week. But when this inflation money is translated into dollars, it amounts to about \$1.50 a Mass!



A whole year of excitement is crammed into one



FIESTA TOWN

TEXT: GEORGE L. KROCK, M.M.

PHOTOS: C. F. BURNS, M.M.

■ FOR MORE than three centuries Chiantla, Guatemala, has been visited by huge bands of pilgrims on the titular fiesta of this town, Candlemas Day.

Providing for such crowds has always been a source of income for the villagers. All the old houses have long lines of small rooms off the back patios that are rented during the fiesta. Providing food and entertainment for the pilgrims has made it a combination fiesta and fair. This lasts a week.

Widows are busy a month before, making candles to sell; others make baskets and candy and cakes. A few days before it starts, traveling merchants come to town and put up their tents and shelters of willow branches. Indians from Momostenango bring great piles of hand-woven woolen blankets and display them on racks. There is a man-powered merry-go-round. Liquor vendor's tents have marimbas play-

unforgettable week.



Hundreds of people attend the Blue Mass on February 2 in Chiantla's huge colonial church. Smoke from many lighted candles rises like a cloud.



Fiesta time is a busy one for Chiantla's pastor, Father Daniel J. McLeod, from Quincy, Mass. Registering the details of many baptisms takes time.

ing for dancing. Food sellers advertise their wares by appetizing odors of food cooking in clay pots over fires—all kinds of spicy stews and tamales and tortillas.

Thousands of Indians come to Chiantla for the fiesta. Each one wants to visit the famous shrine of our Lady. Inside the Camerin of the Virgin is a sight that brings a lump to your throat. A line of pilgrims approach the silver statue of Mary on their knees. Each is eager to get his turn to kneel a moment before her statue; to kiss its hand; then take the cross that hangs from the statue's silver rosary and touch it to his eyes. Then he places his flowers in vases or on the mounting pile beside the statue.

He puts an offering in the wooden box; slowly backs away on his knees, saying, "Good-by."

Old people who have not seen the Silver Virgin for a long time, weep as they leave. There is the sound of sliding knees, the whimpering of children, the crying of oldsters who may never get a chance to make another pilgrimage. From the church there's a constant swell of singing: "*O, Maria Madre Mia, O, Consuelo del mortal.*" Hour after hour, day after day, from dawn to dusk, this continues for the eight days of the fiesta. It is a part of everybody's fiesta.

When darkness comes, we close the church; but the people with their candles kneel outside, in front



Hundreds of Indians think a fiesta would not be complete without having a baby baptized. Here Father McLeod pours the water on a parishioner

of the church doors, until far into the night. At dawn when we unbar the doors, the people crowd in and five minutes later the church is full. Soon the Sung Mass starts.

In Chiantla, for the feast of our Lady, we have the Spanish privilege of using blue vestments. As the hour of the Mass approaches, there is a feeling of excitement in the air. Barefoot altar boys in blue cassocks and capes are lined up in the

Is a fiesta plenty of fun? Juan's happy grin answers that question.



sacristy. One is blowing on the charcoal in the thurible. The church is packed, and the crowd overflows into the sanctuary; all around the altar are banked rows of faces. Singing and the sound of bells fills the air with a happy, urgent sound. Then the bells stop and the singing dies down as the priest comes out behind a long line of acolytes.

The organ swells and High Mass starts. The church is a great yellow milky way of twinkling candles. Mothers hold their babies high to see. At Communion time the rails are filled with Indians from various pueblos, each wearing a distinct costume. After Communion they all sing a hymn to our Lady, and then a second Mass follows. After Mass the doors of the stairway to the shrine are opened and fervent Indians line up, get down on their knees and begin to inch up towards the statue.

During the fiesta, we perform hundreds of baptisms and hear hundreds of confessions. We bless candles and holy pictures. On the last day of the fiesta people bring the statues of their *santos* to visit the statue of the Virgin; many of the statues are antiques that have been in families for centuries. These are lined along the walls of the sanctuary during Mass and later brought to the rectory to be blessed by the Padre. They also bring their seed-corn to have it sprinkled with holy water.

It takes two days to clean up the village and burn all the refuse. Then Chiantla goes back to sleep until the next fiesta. ■■

MARYKNOLL

Politeness and Respect Are Needed in America

Here is an analysis of the people of the United States, by a young Korean visitor, Peter Kim, whose family was one of the first Korean families to become Catholics. In an interview given to Father Morgan J. Vittengl, M.M., Mr. Kim has words of praise for America, as well as several reservations. Mr. Kim came to this country to study at St. Benedict's College in Acheson, Kansas. He is now preparing to return to his war-divided country, hoping to help in its rebuilding.

Q Will you introduce yourself, Peter?

A My name is Peter Kim. My home is in Seoul, Korea. I am now studying for my Doctorate in Public Administration and City Planning, because I want to help my countrymen to rebuild our war-torn land.

Q A dozen years ago, few Americans knew much about Korea, Peter. The war changed that.

A Well, Korea is such a small country that you have to look carefully to see it on a map, between Japan and China. Korea is about the size of Nebraska or Utah.

Q What does Korea look like?

A On the map it looks like the shape of a sitting rabbit. North Korea is the land of mountains, rich in industrial and natural resources. South Korea, with level plains, is an agriculture region.

Q Are most of the South Koreans farmers?

A Yes. I would estimate that about 80% of the population are engaged in farming. The remaining people are in business or work for the Government.

Q The loss of North Korea is a great industrial handicap?

A Indeed it is! North Korea has coal, tungsten, iron, copper, silver

and gold. Around Pyongyang we have enough coal to last four hundred years. On the border between Manchuria and Korea is the huge hydroelectric plant built by the Japanese.

Q *What is the average wage of a Korean worker?*

A The salary for a minister in the Korean Government is about \$180 a month, so my guess would be that the average farmer makes about \$20 a month. That is far below what is needed to support a wife and children.

Q *Are conditions better or worse since the war?*

A Some are better and some are worse. It will take generations for the people to recover from the physical torture they received during the war. The most important problem is to repair the destruction caused in our family and social life.

Q *Did you lose anyone from your own family in the war?*

A Yes, I lost my father. He died in March, 1951, in a Communist concentration camp.

Q *Can you tell us something of your own family life?*

A We now have mother, elder brother, two younger brothers and

a younger sister. The younger brother next to me is studying to be a priest. We are a lucky family because, for about six generations, we have been Catholics. So our life was concentrated on the Christian life all the time.

Q *What did your father do?*

A For about twenty years, my father was a catechist for the Benedictine Monastery in Wonsan, North Korea. About 1939, because we were getting old enough for high school, my father decided that we must move to Seoul. There my father built a small hotel. This was his business.

Q *What about yourself, Peter? What do you intend to do with your life?*

A When I first came here to study, I wanted to build highways, schools and churches. But as my studies progressed, I came to realize how important it is to combine engineering with administration. Korea needs specialists, but especially more specialists who have an understanding of the general functions of government.

Q *You have had the opportunity to observe family life in the United States, Peter. How would you compare it with that in Korea?*

A My first impressions of family life were formed, Father, when I was invited into the homes of families in Acheson, Kansas, where I first studied. I was surprised to find that family life in this country is horizontal, because in my country it is more vertical.

Q *What do you mean by that?*

AT MARYKNOLL

we answer all mail without delay. If you do not receive a quick reply to your letter, won't you please let us know?

A Well, here family life centers around the mother and father and children. But in my country, family life centers about all relationships. I got the impression that older folks do not live with their children after the children grow up and marry. Each family goes its own way. In Korea, it is the duty of the children to take care of the parents. It is not only a duty but a pleasure and a source of happiness. We would not think of going off and living by ourselves. Parents, children and grandchildren all want to stay together. Do you understand what I mean?

Q Yes, I do, Peter. I have heard the same observation made by a number of people from the Orient. I remember speaking to one girl who was somewhat shocked because Americans hire babysitters to mind children. She said that in the Orient the grandmother would always be on hand.

A Exactly, Father!

Q How does college life in Korea compare to that in the United States?

A Basically, it is not very different. In Seoul, I would get up at half past seven, eat breakfast, and then set off for school. The first class began at nine o'clock. In Korea we have classes continuously. Here you may have a class at nine, and not another until one in the afternoon. In Korea we spend seven or eight hours at school, and do our homework there. After we leave school and return home, we are not expected to work. That is the time for social



Peter Kim — six generations of Faith

activities and other relaxation.

Q With this in mind, would you say students in Korea approach their studies differently?

A Yes. College here is very practical. One goes to college in order to be able to get a better job. In Korea we do not go to college to specialize but simply for the sake of learning. College is an academy of learning, and one takes a great deal of pride to be able to get this learning. Maybe I'm impractical, but I like that spirit of learning for learning, better than learning so as to make more money.

Q Do you have as many social activities at school as we do?

A Oh, no, no! Social activities have no place in college life in Korea. Here social activities are

one of the main attractions of college. American college students enjoy their dances and picnics. In Korea, the mixing of the sexes and courtship are not approved. We do have extracurricular activities in school, such as student councils or discussion clubs, but social functions are out of the question in Korean colleges.

Q *Was it difficult to adapt to the social side of college life in the United States?*

A Well, I would say that I was awkward. I remember the first time I was taken by my friends to what you call a steak party. I was told to ask a girl to dance with me. I went over to a girl, and I felt my face turning red. I could hear my heart beating. It was something I had never done before in my whole life.

Q *How do college students in Korea get recreation?*

A I would say that a picnic is the most common recreation. One of the special features of the picnic is that we include faculty members. It is a party strictly for the boys and the professors. Sometimes we go fishing and we cook the fish outside. You must remember that this is not a Christian college, and as a result there is a lot of drinking. I have heard professors tell students that the first thing to learn when one gets out of college is how to drink. We Christians know that is wrong.

Q *What custom would you like to see introduced here, Peter?*

A For one thing, I would like to see more respect for elders. Koreans pay respect not only in words but in acts. When we pass something at dinner to the elder person, we hold the object in two hands to show respect. That's one thing. Another thing I would like to see introduced would be politeness between individuals. I suppose Americans respect one another, but it is not done openly so that the other person feels he is respected. Politeness and respect are the two things needed in America.

Q *Is there any American custom that you would like to take back to Korea with you?*

A Yes, I would like to take back the American's sense of responsibility for his work. That is something that impressed me greatly. I never found this sense of responsibility in Korea. I think it is a very constructive element on which to build a firm society or nation.

Q *Can you give us a practical example of what you mean?*

A While I went to school at night, I worked for a firm in New York as a structural designer. I found that the workers do their work faithfully whether the boss is watching or not. It's because they have a highly developed sense of responsibility. I believe that is one of the reasons for the greatness of America.

Q *Thank you, Peter Kim. You have told us a lot about Korea.*

A It was a pleasure, Father. Thank you for the opportunity.

The Job of Getting Around



BURNS

Checking a map before taking his big truck into a flooded area in Chile, Father James Mundell typifies the modern missioner, who uses every form of transportation in covering his territory.



Once it was the horse, but today the motorcycle is the missioner's main mode of transportation, as Father Francis Murray demonstrates in Africa.

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BURNS

When Father Richard G. Laszewski travels to his Cavinas mission in the Amazon area by boat the trip takes six days. Planes can do it in an hour.

The missioner remains always a traveler
but not with the seven-league boots of his imagination.
His travel is intensive, constant, but nevertheless confined.
His trips are punctuated, not by visits to remote ports,
but by wandering from one village to another exactly alike.

Climbing mountains and riding horses and floundering
in rice fields and visiting villages and entertaining
mandarins and jollying shopkeepers and encouraging
students and curing sick people and tending lepers
and teaching children and harboring abandoned babies,
make the missioner to be all things to all men.



Maryknoll footpower in the Andes

BURNS

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BURNS

"Slow but sure for Chilean sick calls," reports Father Thomas J. Plunkett.

The task of the missioner
is to go to the place where he
is not wanted,
to sell a pearl whose value
— although of great price —
is not recognized,
to a people who are deter-
mined not to accept it,
even as a gift.

Hong Kong junk
SPRINKLE



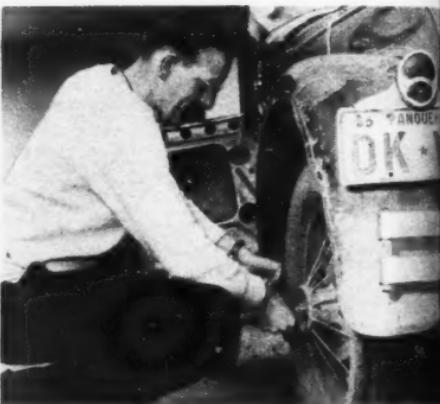


Father John Bradley and old stand-by

ALL PIX BURNS



Father Charles Murray covers his Andean parish in Peru by horse.



Father Eugene Theisen (above) sometimes gets it moving. Father Edward Baskerville (below) safaris by jeep.





Jungle rivers are full of sand bars
as Father John Fowler well knows.

GRAHAM

Deer R

Grinning little loudspeakers

let the whole village know.

BY R. RUSSELL SPRINKLE, M.M.

■ A SLEEPY village suddenly come to life is Lok Kok (Deer Ravine), now a boom town. Old logging roads, built many years ago, are getting their faces lifted. New extensions twist through a Formosan valley, climb up and over the mountain to join roads on the other side.

Two new coal fields have given the big impetus. This district also produces large quantities of Formosan tea; ships out tons of bamboo sprouts and bamboo timber each year. Pigs and chickens go to the markets from Deer Ravine; buyers come every day to bid keenly on our various mountain products.

Deer Ravine has marvelous opportunities for the Church to grow and expand. Many people from several villages once came all the way to Chu Shan, asking for instructions. Monsignor Kupfer took the logical step and sent a priest to Deer Ravine; the man available just happened to be me.

I rented because there were insufficient funds on hand to buy and build. This is always a headache whenever one wishes to expand, but it is only a hurdle to be cleared.

MARYKNOLL



Ravine Wakes Up

Deer Ravine Mission is a rented shop on a busy street—too busy. Inadequacy is just one of the shop's disadvantages. A billiard hall across the way brings a rowdy crowd; a movie around the corner has loud-speakers blaring forth to attract patrons right up to the end of every showing. A general store, located next door in the same building, keeps its customers happy with a radio. A grocery next to the pool hall seems to be patronized by every bargain hunter who comes along.

Big trucks lumber up and down the street all day and most of the night. Brakes howl; horns squawk to shoo the medley of children, turkeys, ducks, geese and chickens out of the way by day. I suppose they blow their horns at night just to keep in practice.

I was in the attic when a boom rent the air and drowned out other street noises. Turkey cocks gobbled furiously. Children shouted uproariously and scampered down the hill to the center of town. Just then another gigantic boom split the air. Leaning out the attic window, I saw a big cloud of steam roll forth over no mean crowd of children and oldsters.

Something interesting was going on, so I joined the parade. I heard a whining hum and saw an urchin vigorously turning a tiny forge blower. The stream of air kept a

brazier of charcoal white-hot. It was placed under a small barrel mounted on brackets. Another youngster evenly and slowly turned the drum round and round.

The father of the crew stood by serenely, observing the operations and checking a big alarm clock. After about ten minutes he picked up a large wire cage. All the bystanders backed away. The crew went into action. One boy helped the man place the cage over the cannon-shaped mouth of the barrel while others cleared away the blower and the fire.

The head operator then picked up a long iron bar and gave the catch on the nozzle a quick jerk. There was a tremendous boom—for all the world like a cannon cracker going off. A cloud of delicious-smelling steam rolled forth. The cage, now held by both boys, jumped backwards violently. And what do you know! The big wire cage was full of puffed rice.

Presently the father loaded the cannon for another round; he put in a few ounces of white rice and one tiny teaspoon of powdered sugar. Thus Deer Ravine produces puffed rice. My job, however, is to produce Christians. That's why I left Deer Ravine and headed for Halfway-to-Heaven Village.

I went by the logging road, out across a clear creek that meanders

down from the mountains. It bubbles joyfully through rice paddies flowing to the sea far in the west. Soon the road literally buried itself in a dense forest of bamboo.

I was walking through a dark green tunnel. Roaring streams aim at the road but good viaducts

swallow them into big conduits, only to disgorge the waters violently into great heaps of rocks on the other side. Cute concrete bridges leap over narrow ravines, and the road dips into the green nothingness ahead.

Suddenly it seemed that the mountains skipped like rams, away from the roaring river in the valley. The road warily kept its distance and finally made a dash for the other side over a high concrete bridge.

Gnarled trunks of trees, and chewed bits of bamboo hanging from chinks in gigantic boulders, along either side of the river's right of way, were ready answers to my unvoiced question about the height and length of the bridge. Evidently from ancient times, this mad river, fed periodically by heavy rains, has been busy cutting into helpless Mother Earth.

Beyond the bridge the road finally wiggles its way out into a beauti-

ful, fertile valley, flat as a table, surrounded on three sides by majestic mountains. Slow streams again meander to and fro—loath, it seems, to make the final plunge and lose their identity far below. Turkeys gobble along the way, chickens peck in the dust, ducks quack delightedly everywhere.

A shout greeted me as I rounded a clump of ancient banyan trees. The small fry were screaming to the oldsters: "Here he is, Mama!" "Papa, here comes the Spiritual Father!"

Halfway-to-Heaven is a village where there is a large group who wish to become Catholics. I must hunt up a doctrine teacher for them, and help them to build a small study hall, which can later be used as a chapel.

Meanwhile, I'll be busy turning a rented shop into a full-time mission and searching for and training doctrine teachers for Deer Ravine and its surrounding villages.

Your prayers will be welcomed. For these people have thousands of years of pagan culture and customs. Converts are harassed by pagan friends and relatives, especially before baptism, and for a few years afterwards, while their faith hasn't grown deep roots.

HERE IS AN OPPORTUNITY
for you to make one of your best investments. For wills, our legal title is Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Remember that God remains in debt to no one.

Will you take his place?

FATHER TOM WELLINGHOFF, NATIVE OF CINCINNATI, WAS ORDAINED IN '44 AND ASSIGNED TO CHILE. BRAVELESS IN HIS ZEAL FOR SOULS, HE USED EVERY AVAILABLE MEANS TO REACH HIS PEOPLE SCATTERED ACROSS THE RUGGED SLOPES OF HIS MOUNTAIN PARISH.



Padre Tomás, loved particularly by the poor of his parish, suffered a fatal heart attack in 1949. This young Missioner, first Maryknoller to die in Chile, is buried high above the valley of Curepto, among the people who needed his love so desperately.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y.

7-7

Dear Fathers:

I am interested in laboring for souls as a missioner. Please send me free literature about becoming a Maryknoll

Priest

Brother

Name.....

Street.....

City..... Postal Zone.....

State..... Age..... School..... Grade.....



Sister

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JULY



ALL PIX BY C. F. BURNS

Sister Alice Mary plays a jolly game and (below) gets down to real business.

A B C's in the City of Kings

LIMA, Peru — ancient city of kings — tries something new in South America, a parochial school. This one is for all children in St. Rose of Lima Parish.

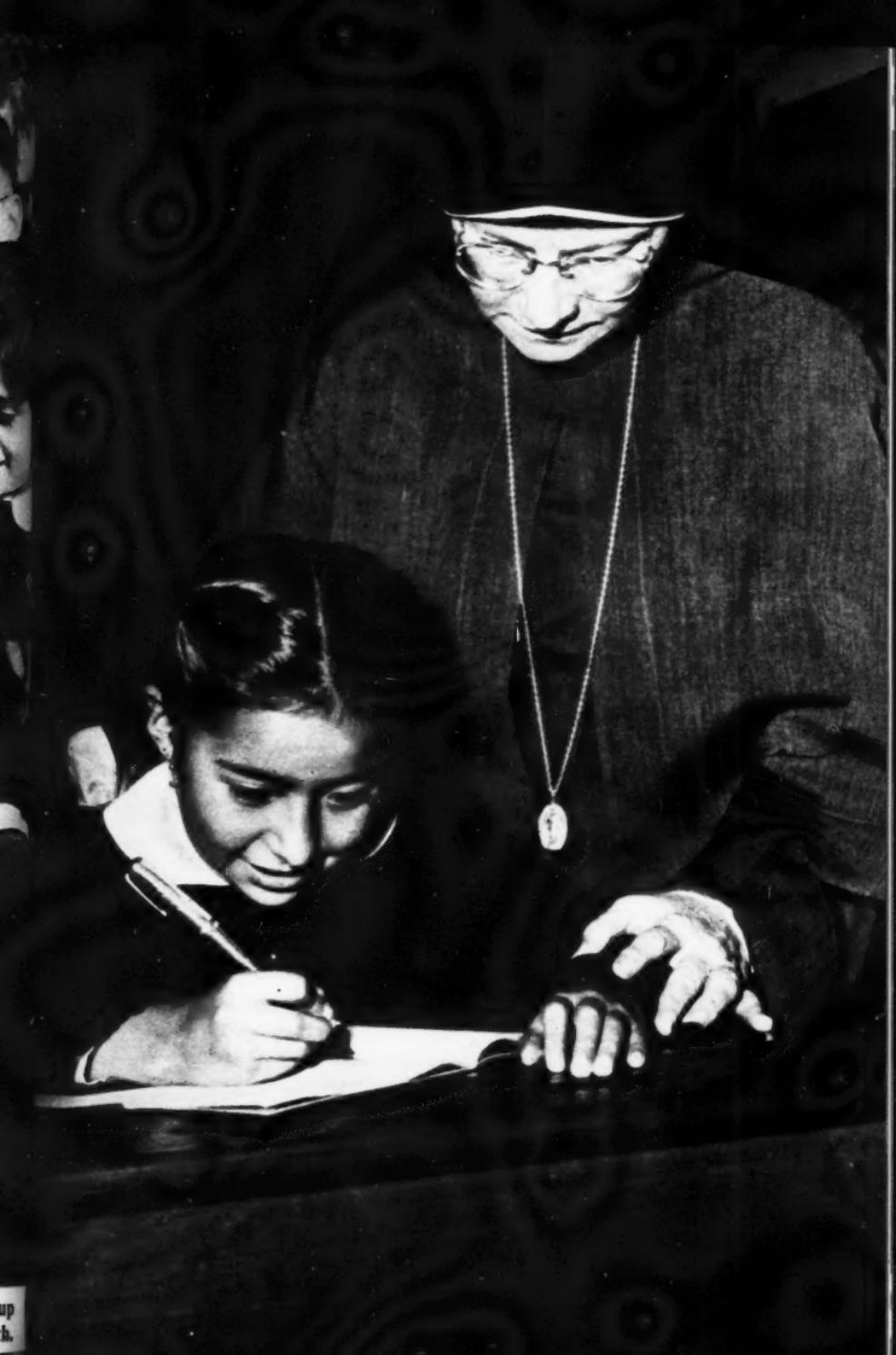
Only four years old, the school has already burst its seams with close to a thousand pupils in either daily classes or special religion courses.

Sister Rose Dominic operates a parochial social-service unit for more than 50% of the people, who are desperately poor. All in all, it's a thrilling parish!





Small fry of Lima, "home town" to St. Rose and Blessed Martin, pick up zest for learning from Sister Bernard Mary and Sister Grace Elizabeth.





The demand for English in business is such that parishioners begged the American Sisters to teach in the Sisters' native tongue.

Parochial schools now being introduced into many parts of South America may be the solution for the Church's most pressing needs there: an adequate supply of priests to say Mass and dispense the sacraments, and Brothers and Sisters to train an apostolic laity. ■■



John

LOOK,
LOOK
SEE



Now Leaving . . .

thirty-two brand-new missioners!

Because of your generosity they've reached
their points of embarkation. Won't you share
the costs of their trip to one of four
continents? Each passage costs \$500.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, New York

*I enclose \$_____ to help pay the passage of one Maryknoll missioner
to his post overseas.*

My Name.....

Street.....

City..... **Zone**..... **State**.....

Sweet-talk Passes Sentence

BY PETER J. HALLIGAN, M.M.

■ A FAMILY fight livened up Ilave, Peru, a while back. Luckily, Sweet-talk, our local chief of police, was on hand to settle the affair. And, true to form, he did it in a most gracious manner. When I say Sweet-talk is charming, it is no insult; it is pure truth. His vocation in life seems to be to charm all who meet him; to smother them in an avalanche of sweet-honey words and courtesies.

But in the incident whereof I write, Sweet-talk proved to be more than a pleasant acquaintance. He proved to be a wise friend indeed.

That night, Gregorio, our sacristan, decided not to beat his wife. Instead he decided to pick a fight with our catechist, Salome. What devil possessed him to change his ways, I don't know. It was a fatal mistake; for young Salome proved to be a good fighter. Later another catechist, Trifilo, entered the brawl, and he tried to battle the other two.

There they were, three employees of the Church, slugging away in the town plaza. Were they fighting for the honor and glory of the Church? Were they fighting false doctrine or evil politicians? No; they were fighting each other!

The police were on the scene in a few minutes. Then our lads were put in jail to cool off and admire

each other's beautiful black eyes and bloody noses.

Ordinarily, it would be right to see men punished for such unbecoming conduct. But this was Saturday night. If Chief Sweet-talk was going to keep them in the jail, who would open the church next day? Who would climb up the tower to ring the bells before each Mass? It appeared that I was going to be punished too.

I hate to interfere with the course of true justice, but I hated even more the prospect of climbing that tower next morning.

A hurried note went to Sweet-talk, and the three were put on probation and released just in time to ring the bells next morning. But they had to return that afternoon for their punishment. They had a long time to think over the horror of their crime, and Sweet-talk had a good while to decide what punishment to give them.

Sweet-talk must have been inspired. For by the time Sunday afternoon rolled around he had made up a punishment to fit the crime. When the culprits appeared before him, he gave them a good talking-to. Then he imposed sentence: All who had been in the fight had to recite the rosary together in the church.

■ ■

It's Not Easy to Die

On a street in India, during a famine, a poverty-stricken mother begs for her children. To the poor, death comes slowly and not without a struggle.







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Shoulders of the Past

BY EDWARD A. MCGURKIN, M.M.



A long line of hard yesterdays leads up to a triumphant today.

■ TRINITY SUNDAY was an appropriate date for the church blessing in Shinyanga. On Trinity Sunday in the year 1878, the first caravan of White Fathers left Zanzibar and Bagamoyo, on the east coast of Africa, to start their long overland journey through these parts on their way to Uganda. They were the first Catholic missionaries to cross Sukumaland. Few know the hardships these missionaries went through to take the Church to this section.

The long walk from the east coast to Lake Victoria took them nine months. Nowadays, by railway and lake steamer, anyone can cover the same distance in about a week. Last year we did it with our Ford in

less than a week. You can now make the trip alone, in safety and with fair assurance of reaching your destination. Seventy-nine years ago missionaries could travel only in a big caravan, carrying all their supplies with them.

In those days there were no Fords, no jeeps, no motorcycles, no roads. Travel was by foot, and baggage went on small donkeys or on the backs of porters. Besides carrying provisions for the journey itself the missionaries had to take along all the equipment they would need in their new missions: church furnishings, altar supplies, clothing and the rest. Money was unknown in this part of Africa. In all chiefdoms,



a barter regime prevailed. This meant that they had to carry along with them immense amounts of cloth, trinkets and plenty of sparkling gewgaws.

Stanley, who passed here four years before these pioneer missionaries, found it more economical to take along a small army and shoot his way through the petty kingdoms, instead of paying squeeze to Arab overlords and native chiefs who had a lucrative racket of demanding tribute from anyone wishing to cross their domains.

The missionaries rightly argued that theirs was a peaceful mission and therefore firearms were out of place. Nevertheless, they had to be accompanied by a certain number of soldiers for protection against bandits and wild animals. More porters were needed to carry the equipment of these infantrymen. A porter could carry no more than 50 or 60 pounds: hence it is easy to imagine the great number of porters needed. When the White Fathers' first caravan left Bagamoyo, they had about 300 porters.

The donkeys gave constant trouble. Most parts of East Africa are blessed or cursed with a sticky black

clay. When dry, it is as hard as asphalt; when wet, it is like a huge pot of glue. No jeep or truck has yet been perfected to make its way through this sticky mess. The donkeys had known this for years and years; they gave up, there and then. But vigorous young missionaries, as often happens, insisted on learning the hard way. They belted the donkeys and drove them straight on into the mud. When the little animals stuck fast, the Padris had to pull them out.

Whenever the donkeys came to water, even a small stream, they stopped and refused to enter. The Padris pushed them into the water, then crossed to the other side, took the donkeys by the ears, while African carriers pushed on the rear bumpers, and hauled the donkeys up on dry land again. This little act was repeated over and over again on that killing nine-month walk.

Then there was the fever. Even in this advanced day and age, we can get knocked out occasionally by East African malaria, or fever, or whatever it is. Aside from seasickness, there is nothing quite so demoralizing as this fever. Your head feels like a blast furnace; searing





tongs tear your body apart. Night and day you burn up. Maybe you will die and maybe you won't; after a while you don't seem to care. Some victims do die. We have pretty good preventatives now, and good remedies in case of attack. But 79 years ago, the fever must have been terrible, really an ordeal. These good Padris went through that sort of thing for months.

After many weeks, they got out of the coastal regions and reached a more salubrious plateau around Dodoma and Itigi and Tabora. Travel through Shinyanga and Maswa was comparatively pleasant. They passed this way during the rains. The ground was wet underfoot at times but the country was green and pleasant. Stanley described our section around Shinyanga as he saw it in February 1875:

"A beautiful pastoral country, which terminates in Lake Victoria. From the summit of one of these weird gray rock piles, one may enjoy the unspeakable fascination of an apparently boundless horizon. On all sides there stretches towards it a vast circle, replete with peculiar features, of detached hills . . . between which heaves and rolls in

low broad waves a green grassy plain whereon feed thousands of cattle scattered about in small herds."

The Padris of that first caravan traveled across part of what is now Sayusayu parish; then on towards Malya, a name that they liked because it sounds like Maria, and then on towards Lake Victoria, which they struck just this side of what is now Mwanza, near the spot where they later founded the mission of Bukumbi. To this spot, they retired during the years of exile brought about by the wars and persecutions that convulsed Uganda, across the lake.

These pioneers went through our mission territory at a beautiful time of year. The air was sunny and perfumed; the earth was flowery. They went happily on their way with the strength and joy that comes with a consciousness of their mission to take eternal life to the people of the great lakes. Their hearts were full. Their souls spread their wings as wandering birds, and they blessed the land with a lasting blessing. And we are blessed to be permitted to tread in their footsteps. ■ ■



EDITORIAL:

Do We Depend on Other People?

BY ALBERT J. NEVINS, M.M.

■ THE United States is the strongest nation in the world today. We produce almost half of the world's goods, although we have only about seven per cent of the world's population. From 1946 to 1956, we gave forty billion dollars to foreign countries, and loaned an additional eleven billion. We are largely self-sufficient, independent of the rest of the world for economic survival. We have tremendous material, economic and spiritual resources — resources matched by no other single nation.

If the foregoing is true (as it is), why, then, must we pay other peoples for the right of living in the world with them? Why do we spend so much time, effort, and money on the United Nations? Why can't we live independently by ourselves, apart from the rest of mankind? Why are we so concerned with the economic growth of other

lands? Why must we make military alliances with nations all over the globe, alliances that might eventually lead us into war?

THE ANSWERS to these and many more questions lie in our very strength. We may not depend upon other people for food and jobs, but we do depend upon them for *peace*. Our world-wide *power* comes from our economic and military strength. But our *security* depends upon others. For this reason, our very security demands that we make our friends strong, so that they may have sufficient power to resist Communist pressures. If we did not have allies, we should have to police the entire world by ourselves. This would be very expensive and would take many men.

The Russians talk about living in "peaceful coexistence" with the rest of the world. What the Russians



Festivals: Fiesta of St. James, Ichu

Leonard Weisgard's painting catches the excitement of the fiesta in honor of Saint James in Ichu, Peru. Here on the roof of South America live the descendants of the once-lordly Incas. Ichu's fiesta is a cross between Mardi Gras and a highland fling. These mountain people are noted for quaint fiesta costumes, many of which can be traced beyond colonial days.

actually mean is competitive coexistence. While we offer arms and economic aid to Asian and African countries, the Soviets do likewise. They are trying to persuade nations that the Soviet way of life is better than our free way. They wish to line nations up on their side and thus destroy our security.

Americans know (and we hope the Communists know) that any new war would be so terrible that no nation could win. We know that war would wreck our national wealth, destroy large parts of our country, and wipe out many of our fellow citizens. Therefore, a threat to peace anywhere in the world becomes a threat to America's own peace and security.

WE ARE making a bad mistake, however, if we think that we can rely wholly on military aid and treaties. These are the costliest and at the same time weakest links in our chain of security. Our most important asset lies in the field of ideas — a field we have too little exploited. Bought people can resell themselves to a higher bidder. But believing people remain staunch out of conviction.

For us as Catholics, the most important idea we can take to the peoples of Asia and Africa is the idea of Christianity. This is the philosophy that brought greatness to the West. This is the teaching of God Himself, the teaching on which are based our institutions and laws. From Christianity come the ideas of the dignity and the freedom of man. It was Christianity that was responsible for

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THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



**Maryknoll was established in 1911
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prepare missionaries from the
United States and to send them
forth, under the direction of the
Holy See, to the mission fields
of the world.**

such magnificent charters of freedom as the Magna Carta and our own Declaration of Independence. Only Christianity can build a conviction that can effectively repulse Communist ideology.

Thus we Americans have an additional self-centered reason for standing behind the missionaries. In spreading the ideas of Christianity — the ideas of peace through brotherhood, of individual equality, of national and personal freedom, of recognition of God and His rights — in spreading these ideas, the missionaries are insuring our security. Missioners do not buy friends for God; they persuade people to live by eternal truth.

The Sky's the Limit

Down where a day's wages
doesn't even buy a dozen eggs.

BY JOHN GARCIA

■ AS WE looked up, we saw the stars from the inside of the church of Tibulon. The sky's the limit and possibly "My Blue Heaven" is the theme song of this ancient church. We had come two and one-half hours by horseback from the main parish church at Sotuta, Yucatan.

Early in the morning, Father Thomas Shea, the assistant pastor in Sotuta, had asked men who were going with us to prepare the horses, mule and equipment for our overnight trip to Tibulon. One of these men, Don Justo, preferred to walk. He went ahead on foot to prepare the people for our coming. Nano, a descendant of Arabian warriors, and very likely Indian chiefs, went along with us, and he stuck to his saddle a great deal better than did we three amateurs from California. Certainly we would have gotten lost as the paths are unmarked.

Finally, about four o'clock in the afternoon, we arrived in the little village of Maya Indians. A group of about 40 women, a number of children and a few men came to meet us, singing, "*Que Viva Mi Cristo, Que Viva Mi Rey*" (Long Live Christ the King).

We immediately went to say a little prayer in the church erected many, many years ago, which had stood throughout the centuries to remind us about the Spanish missionaries who had gone all over Mexico, even into the jungles of Yucatan to convert Indians and to build churches of stone, tall and imposing signs of the zeal of these iron men of God. The roof of Tibulon's church had succumbed to the ravages of time and tropical weather.

We were then taken to our quarters, most likely the best house in

the village since it had a floor of stone and a roof made of guano grass. Afterwards we played baseball with the lads of the village. Baseball there as in the States is a national pastime.

About six o'clock it began to rain. We had supper with one of the local families. Their home, like most of the others, was made of poles put upright and tied together. The roof was of guano grass. There were no windows but the doors were open to let light in, animals also.

We ate frijoles and tortillas and turkey, and good amounts of other foods—this being a festive welcome for the visiting clergy. It had stopped raining when we finished eating so we went over to the church. As the church rang out with the Spanish hymns, accompanied by the portable organ, Father Shea heard confessions. The people understand some Spanish but speak very little. Then the Mass began, about 300 or 400 people were present in the roofless church.

As Father Shea proceeded with the Mass we sang hymns and said prayers that helped to make us one with the priest who had come as a Maryknoll Missioner from California to dedicate his life to this portion of the Lord's flock. He preached to them in his simple kindly manner on the love of God and neighbor.

It was about 10:30 P.M. when we got into our hammocks. Strangely enough, we had no problem with mosquitoes.

Next morning we got up, not at cockcrow—they had been crowing most of the night—but at about

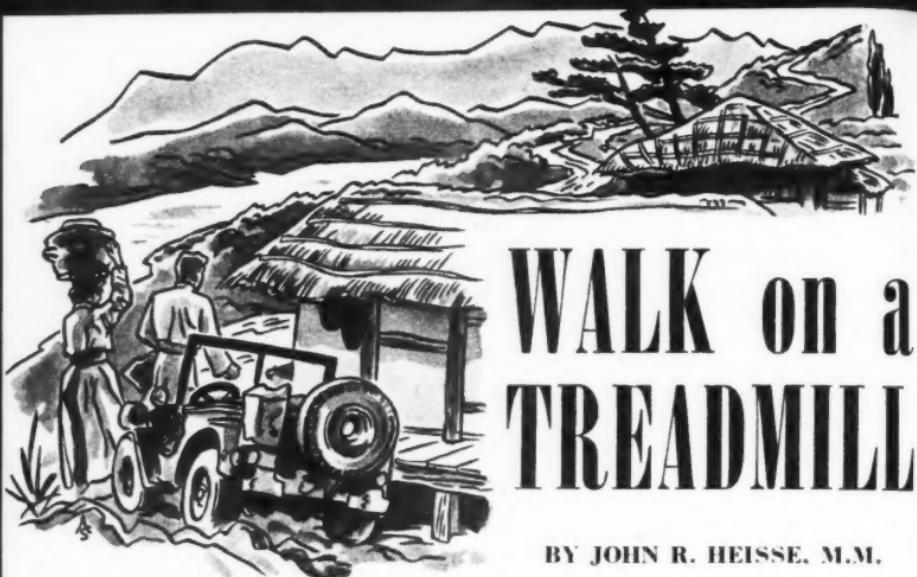
4:30 A.M. We said Mass, each in turn, the parish Mass being at six o'clock. That Saturday there were about 300 people present. Once again the organ accompanied the Mass hymns, among them one beautiful hymn I had never heard before, "*Te Adoro Sagrada Hostia*" (I Adore You, Sacred Host).

After Mass, we went back to our hut for breakfast. The sun had risen strong, and it was hot by eight o'clock in the morning. After breakfast, the men prepared the horses, put the organ on the mule's back. Father Shea discussed with the villagers the possibility of a new church roof. They were anxious and willing, but money was the problem among these people. When they work, they earn four or five pesos a day (about 35c or 40c of our money) in a land where, if you do not have your own hens, one egg costs from 40 to 50 centavos.

As we left, practically the whole village waved good-by. We departed to the singing of the beautiful and inspiring *Que Viva Mi Cristo, Que Viva Mi Rey*. The road home seemed a good deal shorter to us who were just a little bit less amateur riders than on the way over.

A few days later, we visiting Padres left Yucatan in body but not in spirit. From here in far-off California we can only say, "May God bless the Padres of Maryknoll and all missioners." ■ ■

The author is stationed at St. Paul's church in San Pablo, California. He and two other priests spent their summer vacation visiting a classmate of theirs, Father Shea, in Yucatan.



WALK on a TREADMILL

BY JOHN R. HEISSE, M.M.

Just like in any country: ask for directions at your own risk.

■ MAGDALENA had journeyed a considerable distance, mostly on foot, from a neighboring province to ask the newly arrived priest at Che Chon, Korea, to bring the sacraments to her seriously sick son. The son was a schoolteacher in Yong Chon, a small town in the extreme corner of the Che Chon parish—a section completely unknown to me.

A quick look located Yong Chon on the map. A dotted line indicated a road to the town. The legend at the bottom of the map volunteered that the dotted line signified a secondary road. This should have been a deterrent because even primary roads in Korea are sworn enemies of anything on wheels. But I was new—so with my catechist and Magdalena, I set off.

Bishop Ford has written that no place can be the same after a bap-

tized person has passed through it. If contact with a member of the Mystical Christ can have such results, what effect must the Presence, however short in duration, of the Eucharistic Christ have. At least, so I prayed to the Christ whom I carried, asking Him to bless the inhabitants of the successive villages through which we passed.

We hadn't gone far when the perfidy of the road map began to be revealed. The map is flat; but to leave Che Chon in any direction requires a trip over at least one mountain. Some mountain roads are passable but the road up this one was evidently an afterthought. For the better part of ten miles it clung to the side of the mountain by its fingernails.

Magdalena had been a bit apprehensive about getting into the jeep

at the start but her love for her son supplied the necessary courage. Nothing during the trip lessened her fears. At one point she glanced out the downhill side of the car—or to be more accurate, the down-cliff side. Thereafter she kept her eyes firmly shut and her lips moving in fervent prayer.

A sudden turn in the road revealed the Han River—the end of the road. Residents pointed out a footpath along the river which they assured us was a short cut to Yong Chon, only twenty *li* away (about six or seven miles). I wasn't as yet acquainted with Korean notorious unreliability in estimating distance or time.

We set off at a smart pace. Korean footpaths, like life, are full of ups and downs, pleasant and unpleasant surprises. Each succeeding bend in the river rewarded our group with a new scenic panorama—but no Yong Chon. After an hour of rapid walking, we asked a passing farmer the distance to Yong Chon. When he said it was twenty *li*, it seemed to me we had been walking on a treadmill.

At last, after a walk of over two hours and at least 30 *li*, Yong Chon was sighted. The gratitude of the sick man and of his mother was well worth the effort involved.

Magdalena, who was not even breathing heavily from the walk, prepared me for the return jaunt by cooking some eggs.

In the Che Chon sick call book, it is noted: Pak, Francis de Sales; Yong Chon; Conf., Viat., Ext. Unct. and Apost. Bl. . . but it will always remind me of a treadmill. ■ ■

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Dynamite Highland



**Life is cheap on the altiplano;
our job's to make it precious.**

BY JOSEPH J. SARJEANT, M.M.

■ OUR JEEP must have seemed like a fly climbing out of a sugar bowl as we scaled the volcano-like crater that encompasses the city of La Paz, Bolivia. I was accompanying Father Bernard Ryan to his humble rectory, located in the pueblo of Las Penas, far out on the wind-swept central plain of the Bolivian altiplano; the home of 40,000 Aymara Indians.

Father Ryan is from Chicago; he has the able assistance of his curate, Father Jacob Esselborn, of Belle Rose, N. Y. They have plans well under way for bringing the cross to their scattered people. Several new rooms are under construction to accommodate three newly ordained local priests who will work with our Fathers for a time. Then they will move out on their own to priestless pueblos.

A small radio station is being planned; records are being prepared in the Aymara tongue on a wide variety of topics: religion, agriculture, hygiene. Receiving sets will be installed in various Indian

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settlements, where catechists will assemble the people each week for instructions. Education has to reach the people of Las Penas if the Church is to achieve lasting results. Let me give you a case in point.

It was the Monday before Ash Wednesday when we arrived at the little adobe settlement. I had remarked to Father Ryan about the explosions that periodically rent the otherwise death-like silence of the open plain. He enlightened me by explaining that the Indians celebrate Carnival, the South American version of Mardi Gras, by setting off dynamite. Dynamite makes a good substitute for firecrackers, and it seems to be plentiful in this area, where tin mines were plentiful not many years ago. For these childlike people bread is hard to come by but dynamite is a must for the big fiestas.

On Ash Wednesday I celebrated Mass in the ancient Spanish church, finishing just before my hands were completely numb from the penetrating chill. I had hardly pushed away my coffee cup, when I was summoned to the front of the church by Father Ryan. There, bound in rags and strapped to a couple of crooked poles, his brown feet sticking out of a blanket, was a dead man. His body was surrounded by relatives.

The night before, during the festivities, the man had blown off his arm with a stick of dynamite. A simple tourniquet would have saved the poor wretch's life but these mountain people don't even know the elements of first aid.

I read the prayers from the ritual, sprinkled the corpse with holy water. Then I watched the mournful procession cross the plaza with its pitiful burden. The dust was settling and the mourners had barely been lost to sight, when the plaza was filled with gleeful Indians dressed in a rainbow of color. They were dancing to the lilt of drum and mountain flute. Life is cheap in this barren district.

The Church has yet to reach these secluded mountain people in an effective way. For them, Padre Bernardo is the Church. He is pastor, doctor, friend, advisor and confidant. I think he possesses the solution to their spiritual and material problems: a blend of priestly charity and gringo ingenuity.

Let us hope and pray that the years to come will see his efforts prosper; that the dynamite of the Gospel will replace the dynamite that maims and cripples; that his declining years will be rewarded with a strong and vibrant Catholicity among his Indians. ■ ■

STILL RUNNING

The motor sputtered and died when Father William J. Murphy was on a night sick call in Majita, Africa. He happened to look up from his wrenches and the gas line. He saw a ring of hyenas sitting around him in a circle, just watching. He let out a cry, "Uweeee!" imitating the hyena's piercing, unearthly cry. The whole crowd of them took off. When last seen they were high-tailing it out of that neighborhood as fast as their legs would carry them.



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JULY



It's a street scene in Tokyo, Japan. But might it not be in your home town?

■ SABURO lives on the other side of the world from you. His face may be a little rounder than that of Johnny Jones; his hair may be blacker and straighter. When he talks, words that sound strange to American ears tumble forth. But outside of these accidental differences, Saburo and his friends are very much like Huck Finn and Johnny Jones. He becomes self-conscious (left) when he must dress up in his best clothes. He is quick to laughter and tears. He is a living proof of the great sameness in the human race.

■ ■

SABURO AND HIS PALS

COLOR PHOTOS BY CLEMENT HANSAN,
RICHARD KARDIAN, JOSEPH HAHN



Within every Japanese, there lives an artist. Children are encouraged to develop their talents early. The youngster (above) sketches in a Nara park. Japanese children have a joy for living. Who could resist the smiles below?



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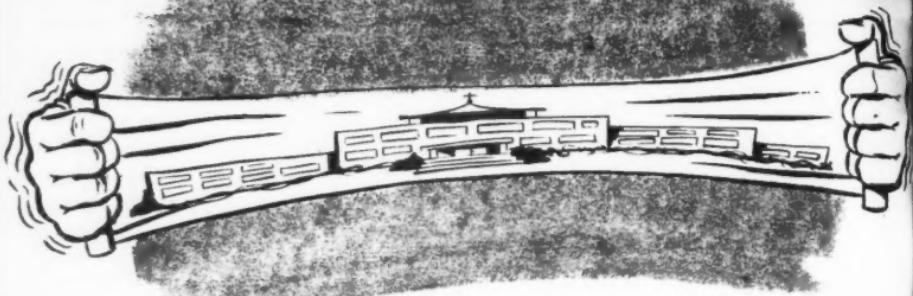
Young spectator



Sister
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Sister (left) wouldn't trade the expressions on those boyish faces for a million dollars! Saburo (above) is off to catechism to learn about God.



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Twenty Cents a Week

BY JOHN F. FAY, M.M.

■ A FIFTEEN-year-old girl just left my office, here in Cuilco, Guatemala. Maria had come in twenty minutes ago looking for some powdered milk. I told her I was sorry but the twenty-two hundred pounds of milk in powder form was all gone. The United Nations Children's Fund had given us the milk and we gave it to the people.

My visitor then asked if her mother could borrow two dollars because she wished to buy some corn. The lass comes from a nearby village and is a practicing Catholic.

"Isn't your father working?" I asked.

"No, he died in jail some time ago in Huehuetenango," Maria explained. "He was one of many in the bootleg-liquor business; only he happened to get caught. Taking sick in the prison he never did finish his sentence."

"Haven't you any brothers?" I asked.

"No, we are five girls."

"You have land and your own house?"

"We have no home of our own; kind neighbors give us a place to sleep."

"How do you live?"

"We—my sisters, mother and I—do washing."

"How much does each one of you make in a week?"

"Twenty cents."

That means a family of six has one dollar and twenty cents to buy a week's food.

"We haven't eaten since Sunday, Padre. Last week we could find no wash to do."

Maria had a basket so I filled it with some food, gave her a dollar and sent her home. This is not an isolated case. Ignorance, illiteracy and poverty are real and great problems to these people. They all add up to hunger.

Fortunately, through the generosity of Catholics in the United States, we are attacking these problems and solving some of them.

■ ■



Blue Grass Country

**A many-splendored thing is
a priest's study of his people.**

BY CHRISTOPHER MAINO, M.M.

■ RANCHES make the region around our Maryknoll parish in Tomakomai famous. It is located on the southern coast of Hokkaido. The sleek race horses for the Tokyo and Osaka tracks come from our parish. Horses are used extensively for farm work in this area; in fact, horses are still important throughout Japan, despite increased production of trucks. It is truly a rewarding thing for a harassed

traveler on an overcrowded Japanese train to come upon a scene of brown shining horses peacefully grazing on the river bank.

A delta is formed by the sparkling Pacific as it meets one of the few river valleys on an otherwise hilly coastline. The rest of Japan is thickly settled and heavily farmed; on the main island the only farm animals to be seen are the cows used for plowing rice paddies before planting. On Honshu most cattle are raised in pens and barns since there is no pasture land to spare. That makes Hokkaido's comparative open spaces and dry farming a real contrast.

The Church got started in Tomakomai about 25 years ago.

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JULY

As in many parishes the Catholics often move away but other Catholics seldom move in to take their places. At present there are around 200 on the books; about half of these or more live in the city and the rest are scattered throughout numerous towns in the territory. We offer Mass in the bigger places, like Shizunai and Urakawa, on one Sunday each month; in the smaller places, at homes of the Catholics from time to time. The young married Catholics usually work at Oji Paper Mill here in the city and the nucleus of older Catholics have some kind of business in town.

Buddhism doesn't have as strong a hold on the people of Hokkaido as in southern Japan; still we find difficulty in interesting these people in religion. Most of them are content with their security at the Oji Company, and not interested in taking the trouble to investigate anything new. Once they become married and start raising a family they claim they are too busy at home and at work. Unmarried working people are our most likely sources of catechumens.

High-school and even younger students have little leisure time, due to the crowded extracurricular program of the Japanese public-school system. The bane of pastors throughout the land is the conflict between public-school activities and the Sunday Mass obligation. Japanese are all wrapped up in overlapping systems and no one dares to buck the system—whether of school, factory or municipality—that makes demands on their time.

Our present lack of church facil-

ties is another handicap. The former centrally located church property was taken over by the city some fifteen years ago. The present small wooden building, formerly a private hospital, was given in exchange, plus the promise of a suitable site. At present we are engaged in what we hope is the final stage of negotiations to realize the fulfillment of that promise.

The proposed site turned out to be more valuable than the city thought and now officials are naturally reluctant to fulfill their bargain. The new location is an ideal one on the main street, in the path of a new development and in the same neighborhood as the municipal buildings. The new church will be near the harbor—due in another 75 years. So give us a little time and the church in Tomakomai will be right in the center of the people's lives.

Meanwhile Father Joseph Luckey and I have to use the trains a lot to reach our scattered people. Our parish extends for about 100 miles east from Tomakomai.

A train ride along the Hidaka coast east of Tomakomai may be exhausting but not boring. There is only the main line, with a few spurs running off for a short distance. No need for much else since most of the people live along the coast; inland are hills, mountains and the necessary personnel to mine ore and cut timber. As on every rural train, the biggest single group of passengers on the Hidaka Hurricane Special are students.

Every youngster goes through middle school by law and a great

many finish high school. Hence, the large numbers of students in navy-blue uniforms: suits with brass buttons for boys; sailor blouses and skirts for girls. However, skirts are worn only in warm weather. Nearly all Hokkaido women are clad in pants during cold

weather. School girls, office and shop girls wear trim slacks; the older generation stick to the old-fashioned *mampei* or baggy trousers, into the tops of which they can stuff loose jackets and kimonos. This is the garb of the farmerettes and laborettes.

Students travel in packs and practically take over the train, shouting, laughing, and sometimes whispering about the strange looking foreigner. Occasionally the more daring muster the courage to try a few struggling words of English but it's not difficult to get the conversation back into Japanese. Usually the students are going only a short distance and quickly their numbers dwindle after a few stops.

Another group of regular travelers are women peddlers. Distribution facilities are not developed on Hokkaido and these women can earn the small sums necessary for their daily needs by going out to the country to bring back fish, vegetables and rice for sale in the larger towns. Traveling ladies apparently have established runs. All know each other and seem to

be organized into some sort of system.

Naturally, they are not from the upper strata of society and their talk is rough, noisy and incessant. Most Japanese prefer not to ride in the same car with them. Usually a conductor tries to herd them all into

the same car, if possible. However, I find their animated talk and uninhibited manners a refreshing change from the stiff, formal, white-collar workers. And I have to marvel at the immense loads they carry on their backs; each burden is confined by a cloth square. Often they must be assisted to their feet, but once under way they seem to be able to handle heavy burdens—even though they are bent over double.

The rest of the passengers include people who work in the Government office, bank and post office personnel, mining and lumber workers; farmers, ranchers and fishermen going to the big town to shop. Nearly everyone has some kind of package; each package is gaily wrapped in a colorful square cloth called a *furoshiki*.

Hokkaido is growing. The Government is doing all it can to assist this growth by immigration to develop Japan's economy and as a means of relieving overpopulated southern Japan. The Government is negotiating a loan from the World Bank in order to further the development of Hokkaido. ■■

"If the faithful help even one candidate for the priesthood they will fully share in all the future Masses and in all the fruits of sanctity and Apostolic works that will be his..."

Pope Pius XII



Poor, ill and distraught, this refugee woman brings her troubles to the Maryknoll Sisters.

YOU can aid such families as this by helping to sponsor a Maryknoll Sister. Some 1,200 of them in 90 houses throughout the world, are working to spread the kingdom of Christ.

THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Here is \$..... as my part in spreading the kingdom of Christ.

Name.....

Address..... City..... Zone..... State.....

As long as I can, I will send \$..... a month to sponsor a Maryknoll Sister.

KISS THE LORD

A missioner learns a lesson from
three of his littlest people.

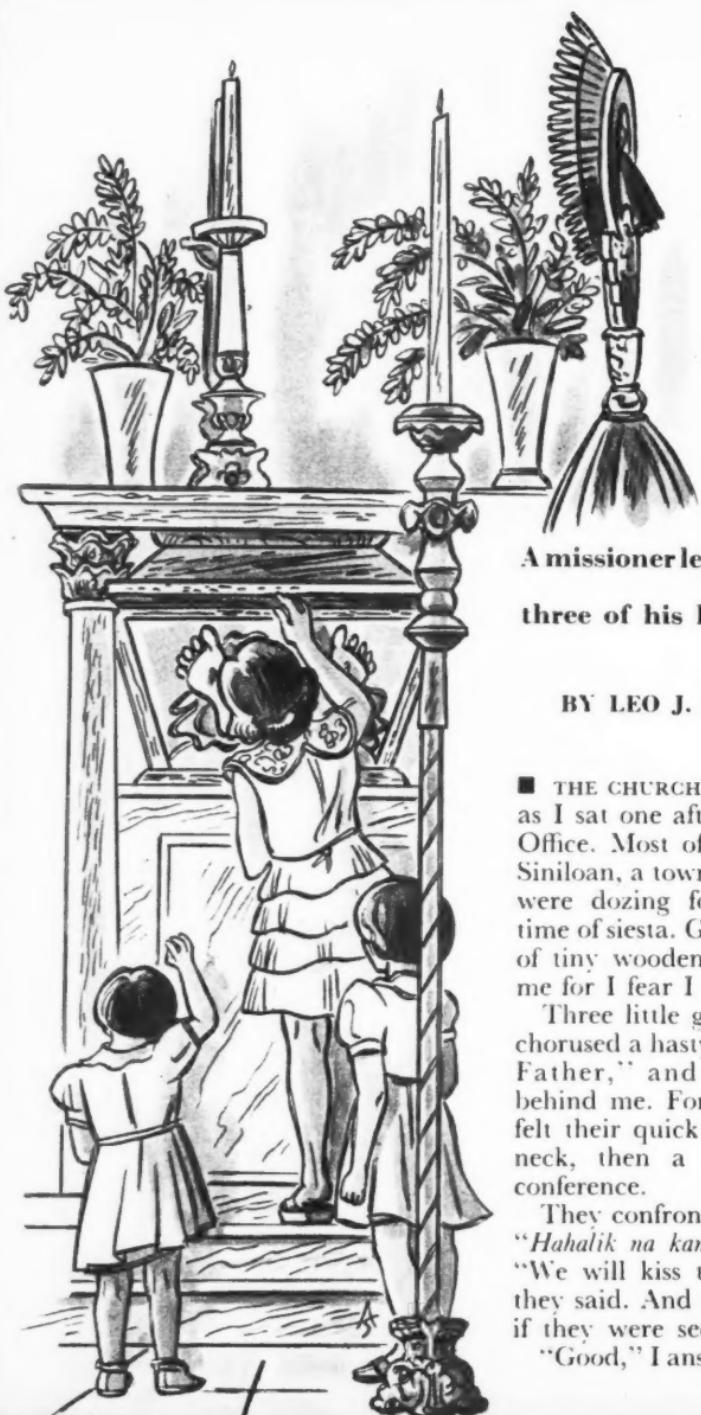
BY LEO J. WALTER, M.M.

■ THE CHURCH was quiet and cool as I sat one afternoon reading the Office. Most of the inhabitants of Siniloan, a town in the Philippines, were dozing for it was still the time of siesta. Gradually the clatter of tiny wooden shoes broke upon me for I fear I was dozing too.

Three little girls rushed up and chorused a hasty "Good afternoon, Father," and entered the pew behind me. For a few moments I felt their quick hot breath on my neck, then a sudden whispered conference.

They confronted me once again. "Hahalik na kami sa Senor, Padre." "We will kiss the Lord, Father," they said. And it seemed to me as if they were seeking approval.

"Good," I answered; and off they



went, their wooden shoes tapping out a lively rhythm on the tile floor. I watched in amusement as they hastened to the sanctuary, dipped childish genuflections in the general direction of the tabernacle and headed for the sepulcher of *El Señor* (The Lord). *El Señor* is an image of Christ. It lies in a glass case forming part of one of the side altars. A door at the end gives access to the feet of the image. Here kissing the feet of *El Señor* is as common as making the sign of the cross on oneself with holy water on entering a church.

Double steps allow the children to reach the feet while for the very small, well, I watched little Sonia and Enid, two of our trio, stand on tiptoe and strain every joint to kiss, in turn, the feet of *El Señor*. But what to do about Elma, still tiny? Without a pause the other two grabbed her on either side, hoisted her till she was balanced on the door jamb, pushed up her legs. Then with wonderful accuracy, down came not only her lips but her whole face right on the feet of the image.

With squeals of laughter they fled across the sanctuary, dipping once again before the tabernacle with hardly a break in pace. They went pell-mell out the side door to begin their games in the shade of the church wall.

All of this caused a chain of distracting thoughts, which, I must confess, I nourished rather than banished. I thought of this beautiful show of devotion. Here in Sinaloa, though the patron of the church is Saint Peter, the patron

of the town is Christ in the Holy Sepulcher.

The image they venerate is old and heavy with legend. They say it once saved the town from cholera; it miraculously stopped a fire that threatened to destroy the town. It was seen on occasion in other places; it once left a foot print that couldn't be wiped away. In one earthquake, everything in the church was destroyed but it was unharmed. These and many other stories they tell. Who am I to say they aren't true?

Four years ago, when I became pastor, I felt that too much attention was paid to *El Señor*; that perhaps the statue would be better placed in some obscure corner. But as I watched the veneration that the people gave it, I changed my mind. True, I explained to them that the Blessed Sacrament is the most important thing, the center of attraction in the church, that *El Señor* is only a statue of Our Lord. And they seemed to understand, for I began to notice that most everyone made a brief visit to the Blessed Sacrament before going to kiss *El Señor*.

It was easy for me to remember the Gospel account of Jesus and Mary Magdalen—how she washed His feet with her tears and dried them with her hair and kissed them repeatedly.

What a mark of humility and penance, to kiss His feet! What a mark of utter subjection and service, to kiss His feet. And so it makes me forget my first reaction and feel good to see this manifest piety and devotion.



Letters

OF THE MONTH

We do not publish any letter without first obtaining the writer's permission.

Thanks

My sincere thanks to the many readers who responded to my recent appeal for used religious articles for the missions. The response was amazing! I received over 400 packages representing 34 States, Canada and Ireland. It was loads of fun receiving the packages, although it was also frightening because some days they were brought in a sack. I have already forwarded 1,268 rosaries to the missions, and the ones I have on hand to be repaired will keep me busy for at least another year. There were many people I could not thank because of no address or addresses that were not clear.

HELEN HOCHREITER

Wilkes Barre, Pa.

A New Request

My husband has been making and repairing rosaries for the last five years. In that time we have sent out 18,000 rosaries over most of the world. We are happy to donate these rosaries to the missions, but must have help in obtaining rosaries for repair. Could you give us some publicity? Mending rosaries is the quickest way of getting a lot for the missions. Making them completely is slow work and expensive. Your readers may have broken rosaries. We'll fix them if people send them to me at 1003 W. Park Front.

MRS. W. F. LUEHRS

Joliet, Ill.

Magazines for Friendship

Your missioners could vastly increase their influence if each were supplied regularly with a good stock of American magazines. They are powerful attractions and can do immense good for our country. It costs only five or six cents to mail abroad a magazine. Just slit the sides off an envelope and use it to roll the magazine in, and address to any Catholic institution, library, newspaper, and so on. The effects are immediate and good.

ALBERT CROISSANT

Los Angeles

Getting Around

I am in the Royal Canadian Air Force, stationed at Churchill, Manitoba. The other day I went on a trip to Thule, Greenland, where I picked up two small Maryknoll magazines. I took them home with me. My wife, kids and myself liked them very much. Now I wish to subscribe.

SGT. J. E. NADEAU

Fort Churchill, Canada

Top of the Class

I have a neighbor girl who runs errands for me, and she always takes our old magazines. When she passed her exams lately, she came out Number One. The Sisters asked her where she got her knowledge, and she said, "From Mrs. Gallagher's Maryknoll books."

MRS. T. GALLAGHER

Philadelphia

Our Exploding Population

In Albert Nevins' editorial, I detect somewhat of an alarm at the speedy increase in world population. True, the figures are astounding, but so is the power of atomic weapons. I believe that the corrupt living I have observed warrants just such a devastating third world war that will easily solve the problem of elbow room. I don't think God will allow His "plaything" to get out of hand.

ROBERT L. POINTON

Norfolk, Va.

Your editorial on overpopulation was very timely, as a group of us had a discussion about it last week. A few expressed the materialistic view of no right to bring children into the world to starve. I stressed the spiritual—that life is a gift of God, so man has no right to destroy. If we believe God ordains everything, then we can be sure that He will give man the grace and knowledge for the times.

FLORENCE J. BRIGGS

Minneapolis

What's so good about the world anyway that you want to save it? We fight one another and ignore God. What we need is one big bomb, and then bloop!

G. IPPILITO

Brooklyn

Good Taste

I notice no lack of editorial taste, as one of your correspondents observes. I have little sympathy for the Puritans who would like to make a funeral dirge out of this amusing, humorous, sentimental, and apostolic little book.

AUDREY R. ROCHESTER

Deadwood, S. D.

JULY, 1957

Poetess

I am twelve years of age and in seventh grade at St. Thomas School. I wrote this poem for you. I hope you like it.

God bless the Maryknoll Missions

In foreign lands today;
Converting foreign children
To God's infinite ways.
God bless the cause they're working for;
Not for fame to hold;
But to have the God Almighty.
Smile on the missions of Maryknoll.

KATHLEEN O'CONNELL

Providence, R. I.

Patron

I am twelve years old. I heard that the only book the Indians in Peru possess is the catechism, some not even that. I enclose thirty cents for three catechisms for some people who need them. I like your Want Ads. They're clever.

RAYMOND ENEIM

La Habra, Calif.

Grandpa's Idea

My father-in-law is along in years and sometimes he does strange things. I almost died last Wednesday while out shopping. While passing Woolworth's, I saw Grandpa sitting on a wooden box and selling Maryknoll magazines. He had taken all the back copies we keep in the rumpus room to help the children with their geography lessons. Well, anyway. I didn't dare do anything but just fled in embarrassment. When he arrived home for supper, I asked for an explanation. "Seemed wrong, all those magazines just sitting there," he said. "Besides, we got to help the missions." He sold six copies, at a dime each. Here's the money.

NAME WITHHELD

Albany, N. Y.

CUBBY-HO

Light comes to a woman in
a dark, dead-end corridor.

BY EDMUND SHAMBARIS, M.M.

■ A SCOURGE of Japan is the disease of tuberculosis. Almost any hospital on these islands has a great many patients ill with this disease. In its incipient stages, it is not too disturbing. Several months in the hospital are not too unpleasant. When convalescence is protracted for years, then it becomes a trial.

Mrs. Mizutani has had the disease for five years, the last four of which have been spent in bed. As the disease grew progressively worse, her body wasted away—but not her spirit.

The catechist in her hospital visitation came across this woman of courage. She was lying in a small cubicle of a room. She had heard about Christ before and had great admiration for the Divine Master. When the catechist spoke to her of suffering and its place in the Christian's life, her eyes lighted up; her heart expanded. Christ is personally interested in her! Instructions began, and of necessity proceeded at a slow rate—sometimes for only fifteen minutes.

When I visited her I got a vivid idea of how crowded Japanese hos-



WHOLE BAPTISM

pitals are. Facilities to care adequately for all patients are lacking, especially in districts removed from large cities.

Mrs. Mizutani's room is a patch-work—a dead-end corridor made into a cubbyhole sick room. It is dark; straw mats on the floor are the only furnishings; the scenery from the window is a dirty canal.

When I questioned her, she knew the catechism, at least enough for baptism and I saw no objection to baptizing her. I said, "Next Sunday I'll baptize you. Meanwhile you must think of a baptismal name." She was overjoyed.

The happy day was Trinity Sunday. What better day can there be for the three Divine Persons to enter into a person's soul? After Mass, I took a group of Legion of Mary members with me to make the occasion solemn. We packed ourselves into her small room.

Young ladies with their white veils and young men grouped around the bed. One of them recited the baptismal formulas in Japanese. The catechist who had instructed her acted as godmother. And so, Maria was received into the Church, midst the rejoicing of choirs of angels and saints. After the ceremony I asked the catechist to remain to speak to Maria a bit.

The story does not end there. On the following Tuesday evening, after our regular Legion of Mary meeting,

I asked the catechist to recount what Maria said after we left.

"When Father told me he was going to bring with him some of the Catholics from the church, I was very disturbed," Maria had said. "What would it be like with all those people in this room? It is so dingy! so dark! That night I had a turn for the worse. My temperature rose considerably. I feared I might not be able to receive baptism the next morning.

"Then Father came and the others. Everything changed. When they entered, the whole atmosphere in this room changed. It became light; the spirit in this room changed. These people, I thought, are different. I can see it in their faces. They are not like ordinary people. These Catholics are set apart."

I continued from there, pointing out to the Legionnaires that indeed they and all Catholics are different. What this new Catholic saw in them was the life of God.

By associating with one another, we soon take the spiritual for granted, it becomes commonplace. We forget the dwelling of the Holy Spirit in us. But to certain pagans who come over to Christianity, this first contact with the God of love comes as a tremendous experience. They see the effects of this spirit of love in the countenances of Christians. Many times we are apt to forget about this. ■■

WANT

Help to Build a seminary for Japanese boys who are being trained for the priesthood by Maryknoll priests in Kyoto. A memorial room, \$800; one square yard of construction, \$50; a window or a bed, \$25.

You Too can make history, by giving a refugee who fled Red China to Hong Kong, a month of life in a Maryknoll camp; \$10 for one month. We care for more than 100,000.

Louder Please! For street preaching in Taichung, Formosa, a public address system is required. Complete cost \$165. Additional cost will be \$125 for a recorder and tapes that will play music to draw the crowd.

An Organ for Korea; \$300 will provide one for a Maryknoll chapel.

So, Sue, Sew. A sewing machine will sew up poor, unclad people in Musoma, Africa—if we get the \$100 to purchase it.

Wanted Formosan bush beaters, that is, big game hunters for souls. Trained men and women, to seek out people who are interested and to instruct them in the Faith. These soul seekers are religious instructors who spend full time teaching catechism. They are called catechists. Their salary is \$20 a month. Can you



ADS

support a catechist for our missionaries?

Altar Stones are requested for three chapels in Central America. Offering \$6 each.

Africa Calls for help in celebrating the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The Shinyanga mission needs: albs, \$20 each; Mass wine and hosts, \$25 a year; Mass candles, \$25 a year; altar cloths, \$30 a set; altar linens, \$12 an altar; candlesticks, \$25 a set.

Catholic Action Newspaper. *Acción* informs the people, but \$200 is needed to continue supplying this newspaper in Riberalta, Bolivia. Here's a chance to be a publisher.

Our Social Visitor in Chile is a nurse employed by the missioner. She is like a John the Baptist, preparing the way of the Lord as she serves the sick of the mission. Could you help us pay her salary? It is \$50 a month.

Chloromycetin is \$5 for 12 capsules, recommended by local doctors in Peru, for typhoid cases among our Indians. Our free clinic in Arequipa has already treated 800 Indians for diseases caused by bad drinking water.

Two Confessionals can be built in Peru for \$45 each. Will you give one?





You Can Support a Maryknoll Seminarian

MARYKNOLL is training 750 young Americans to work as priests in the foreign missions of:

Japan

Formosa

Mexico

Chile

Korea

Hawaii

Bolivia

Guatemala

Hong Kong

Philippines

Peru

Africa

By sharing in the education of a seminarian, you will share later in his Masses, his prayers, his reward. He will be your ambassador in the fields afar. Try it!



THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS

Dear Maryknoll Fathers:

While I can, I will give each month towards the \$750 needed yearly to support a Maryknoll seminarian. *Please send me a monthly reminder.* I understand that this is not a pledge, may be discontinued at will and should not interfere with my personal or parish obligations.

MARYKNOLL, NEW YORK

My Name

My Address

City Zone State

People are Interesting!

Sister Catharine
Pioneer Missionary

Hundreds of children, old folk, and infirm are alive and enjoying the benefits of Christianity today, because of Sister Catharine Buschman, the first American missionary Sister to go to China.



1. Dora Thumel had a great love for the missions which did not lessen after her marriage to Charles Buschman.



3. She entered the Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul in Baltimore, and became Sister Catharine Buschman.



4. Her love for the missions prompted her to volunteer in 1896 to go to China—the first American Sister there.



5. For thirty years her work in hospitals and orphanages endeared her to the hearts of the Chinese.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race

